VOL. II. NOVEMBER, 1887. No. 11.

"A purer, higher form of Christianity is needed, such as will approve itself to men of profound thinking and feeling as the real spring and most efficacious instrument of moral elevation, moral power, and disinterested love."—CHANNING.

THE UNITARIAN

EDITED BY

BROOKE HERFORD AND J. T. SUNDERLAND.

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A Monthly Magazine of Liberal Christianity.

VOL. II. NOVEMBER, 1887. No. 11.

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EDITED BY

BROOKE HERFORD and J. T. SUNDERLAND.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have the best possible authority for saying that there is no truth in the report that the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, of London, has resigned his ministry for a parliamentary career.

The temperance cause in this country suffers a very great loss in the sudden death of Hon. John B. Finch. Perhaps he was, taken all in all, the ablest popular temperance orator before the American public unless we must except Mrs. Livermore. His career has been a short one, but he had thrown himself into the great work of his choice with so much earnestness and consecration, as well as so much ability that he had climbed well nigh to the top round of influence. It is difficult to see how his place can be filled in the temperance ranks.

American temperance workers will do well to make up their minds once for all, that the struggle they are engaged in is no child's play, but is one of the most earnest battles that good men and women were ever called upon to undertake. Canon Wilberforce went back to England from his visit in this country fully impressed with this fact. In a late English magazine he writes:

"I have moved much amongst the devoted friends of temperance in America, and amongst the tried veterans of the cause, and am convinced that in that great and growing centre of the world's civilization the temperance question is rapidly being recognized as transcending all others in importance. Intelligent Americans are awakening to the fact that unless they conquer the liquor traffic the liquor traffic will conquer them, and they are fighting it resolutely and courageously over the whole continent. On the other side of the Atlantic it is a real battle, and not mere child's play."

William Eliot Griffis, in his Biography of Commodore Perry, just published, claims that the three events of modern times that have had the greatest influence upon the world at large, are the American Declaration of Independence, the opening of Japan to the world, and the arbitration of the Alabama claims.

Confessedly there is no greater evil in the modern world than war, and none more needless. It is an unspeakable disgrace to the Christian nations of to-day if they cannot settle their disputes by international courts or congresses or by arbitration. The movement that has been started in England to bring Great Britain and this country into a perpetual peace alliance, or agreement to settle all troubles that may arise between them, without recourse to arms, should meet with public favor everywhere. If Christendom is ever to disband its standing armies, and introduce rational, civilized, Christian methods of settling disputes in the place of the present barbarous method of the duel on a gigantic scale, the task of effecting the change must begin somewhere. What better place to begin than in England and

the United States? And what more practicable plan than this proposed in the memorial signed by 207 members of the House of Commons, and now brought to our shores by distinguished and philanthropic Englishmen?

In an article on the "The Stronghold of the Church," in the last *Open Court*, Col. T. W. Higginson says:

Emerson declared, forty years ago, that what hold the popular faith had upon the people was "gone or going." He asked why we should drag the dead weight of the Sunday School over the globe,—and lived to see his own daughter holding a Sunday School for little Arab children on the Nile. Reformers predicted the decay of church buildings and the cessation of the clergy; but I suppose that there never was a decennial period when so many or so costly churches were erected in America as within the last ten years, culminating in a proposed Protestant Cathedral at New York, to cost ten millions. There has undoubtedly been a diminution in the relative number of clergymen proceeding from our older colleges, but there are still enough to fill the pulpits, whencesoever they come; and those who visit Trinity Church in Boston, or St. George's Church in New York, cannot doubt that eloquent preachers yet have power to draw audiences. The number of people who habitually absent themselves from church may be very large; and the average congregation may be somewhat smaller than formerly; but there are surely no external indications of approaching decay.

We believe that Col. Higginson is right. Indeed, statistics seem to speak more strongly than he. A hundred years ago there were less than 2,000 church organizations in this country, or one to every 1,700 souls. Now there are some 80,000 such organizations, or one to every 600 souls, or thereabouts. No, the signs of the times do not seem to point to a future without churches or religion, or with fewer churches or less religion; but to a future of more *practical* and *useful* churches, and of more *reasonable* religion.

We are told that the Revised Version of the Bible is coming into only very limited use, the Bible Societies generally still using the old version, and fifty or sixty copies of the old being sold to one of the new. What does this mean? To say the least, it suggests some rather startling questions. Do our orthodox friends really believe the Bible to be God's inspired and infallible word? Then why are they so indifferent about having it in accurate form? The common version contains many thousands of proved errors; are these errors as good for saving men as inspired truth? Is it religious to circulate as God's word what is known not to be such? Is God honored by using and circulating a less perfect form of his inspired volume when a more perfect is at hand?

In the debate at the meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, at Springfield, Dr. McKenzie said that if the Congregationalist ministers of Boston should apply to be sent as foreign missionaries, not more than one of the number would be accepted by the Board. No wonder that the statement produced a "sensation" in the audience.

It is only a few years since the *Independent* was the brave leader of the freest, most advanced thought in the liberal orthodox ranks of this country. For some time past, however, many of its readers have noticed a painful change in its utterances. The prophetic spirit has been passing away and the priestly taking it place. The forward look has been giving place to the backward; until now it is one of the strongest supporters of the late action at Springfield to send nobody as a missionary to the heathen who has any doubt about eternal damnation of all who have not accepted Christ. "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

Dr. Parker, of London, attended one of our Unitarian churches the Sunday morning after decision of the A. B. C. F. M. at Springfield, and heard a powerful sermon on the Unitarian view of God's love and eternal purpose of good as taking in the heathen as well as the Christian. At the close of the sermon he said to our minister, "I believe every word of it," and so said Mrs. Parker, who was with him. Well, he would seem to be in so far qualified for Plymouth pulpit. Will he be called there?

Says Rev. David Cronyn, for many years past one of our esteemed missionaries on the Pacific Coast:

"One banner, with one exalted name, is better for propagandism, than one banner with a hundred brilliant names. Christianity, the true Christianity of Christ, furnishes that one banner and that one name."

Said Rev. David Utter, in his sermon at Kansas City at the recent installation of Rev. J. E. Roberts:

Ethics is not the root from which this church, from which the Christian religion grew. That root is faith in God. And if any of you should hear at any time in the future some one talking about an ethical basis for the Unitarian church, count him as a dreamer, one who is blind to the consequences of his pretty, airy theories. We believe in a real church, and a living real religion, and the root of the whole matter is not morality, but is faith in God.

This is well said, strongly said. But it is truth, and needs to be said not in one pulpit only, but in hundreds, if Unitarianism in the West is not to be lost in ethicalism. And it must not only be said but acted upon.

It cannot be too clearly emphasized that the Western Conference is now no longer the association of Western Unitarianism as a whole, and is not entitled to represent or speak for such Unitarianism. When, therefore, the organ of the "Ethical Basis" party spoke of the nomination of Rev. T. L. Eliot as Western Agent of the A. U. A. in terms which drew a protest even from the *Register*, or when, as in a recent issue, it speaks slightingly, if not with a thinly veiled sneer, of the visits to our Western churches of Rev. Grindall Reynolds, the secretary of the A. U. A., and Rev. George Batchelor, who was chosen to the place which Mr. Eliot declined, such utterances must be taken for what they are,—the expression of simply a *party* or *faction* of Western Unitarians. The trouble with the Western Conference is that it wants to ride two horses at once. It wants to be at once sectional and generally representative. It has carried out the policy of a section of its former constituency with a remorselessness which entirely alienated many of its strongest supporters, including our oldest and strongest Western churches, and the remainder still attempts to pose as the official representative of Western Unitarianism at large. Thus at Saratoga, a year ago, its report took its old Ecumenical tone, including about everything done among our churches west of the Alleghanies. And now *Unity* constantly speaks of "the Western Secretary" doing this or that, as if the secretary of the Western Conference still held the old relation to our body generally. In simple justice this should cease. The party who now control the Western Conference must be understood as representing *themselves.* That they are a very earnest people, and have a large number, possibly a numerical majority of our churches in the West, is true, but they are *not* Western Unitarianism, and are in *no sense entitled to speak for it.*

TOYNBEE HALL.

One of the most unique attempts ever made to carry the uplifting influences of Christian sympathy, society and culture into the very midst of the most ignorant, drunken and squalid classes of a great city, was that of the founding of Toynbee Hall, a few years ago, in the east end of London. Special attention was called to this interesting institution, a year ago, by the proposition made in the Unitarian Club of Boston, to establish in that city (somewhere at the north end, where the moral conditions of the people are lowest) a somewhat similar institution. A brief description of Toynbee Hall will interest our readers.

Toynbee Hall was built by the friends of Arnold Toynbee, as a fitting memorial to a man whose life was spent in the service of workingmen. Its purpose is benevolent, not in the sense of giving food and clothing, or better and healthier homes, or even direct instruction; its aim is rather to put into the workingman's character, a little leaven of kindliness, refinement, culture, aspiration and toleration, through immediate association with kindly, refined, cultured and tolerant men. The higher instincts once quickened and growing, better external surroundings will become a natural and necessary result. Toynbee

Hall acts upon the principle that all true life works from within outward. Make the man better, you have then laid the indispensable foundation for decency, temperance and comfort.

To do good to the poor and unfortunate, however, is only half the work of Toynbee Hall, and not the more important half either. It aims to do good to its corps of workers. Toynbee Hall is something like one of the Oxford or Cambridge colleges transplanted to Whitechapel, London. Its tasteful red brick buildings inclose three sides of an open court and comprise Library, Lecture-room, Dining Hall, Gymnasium, Dormitories, etc. Its residents are Oxford and Cambridge young men who come here to get a basis of fact for their attempts at making the world better. They live much as they would at college in the midst of comfortable and attractive surroundings. They listen during their stay of a month or six weeks to lectures by such men as Sir John Lubbock, Walter Besant and G. J. Romanes. But they listen to these speakers side by side with the workingman. They talk with him, listen to him, touch coats with him, and better yet, touch minds with him to find he is a man quite like themselves. Mutual prejudice born of ignorance disappears in the light of knowledge. They teach him, perhaps, but no more than they are taught. Says a Toynbee man: "It is not in the appreciable results of education, the mere knowledge which is so much overrated, but in the invisible, intangible results, in the dissipation of egotism and prejudice, the creation of a higher tone of feeling and thinking, in the growth of sympathy, courteous and mutual intelligence, and the destruction of social and conventional barriers between the so-called classes, that the true worth and value of Toynbee Hall lies."

In a practical way, a member of Toynbee Hall exercises his benevolence much or little as it pleases him. He may take part in one of the many clubs, he may teach a class, he may turn his attention to the charity or sanitation of the district, but after all what he does is only a result of what he is. His flesh and blood presence is the main consideration.

Now that the practicability of such an undertaking has been proven, it may not be vain to hope for one or more similar institutions in this country. Besides the one proposed in Boston a year ago, it is interesting to notice that now Bishop Potter, of New York, is urging the establishment of something of the same kind in New York.

A DEAD DOCTRINE.

The A. B. C. F. M. practically reaffirmed, at their recent great meetings at Springfield, the old doctrine of the damnation of all who have not received Christ before they die, including specially—the point recently at issue in their policy—the great heathen world, past and present, most of whom never heard of Christ. They may do this again and yet again, and still I venture to affirm that it is a dead doctrine. They do not really believe it. It is difficult to treat it even seriously. Of course it used to be a living belief. Seventy years ago the American Board of Foreign Missions put out a great appeal entitled, "The Conversion of the World," and they put it just so —six hundred millions of deathless souls on the brink of hell, six hundred millions for whom nothing remains but the dreadful doom, "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire!" And in one of their subsequent reports they said that "within the past thirty years a whole generation of five hundred millions have gone down to eternal death." But for a generation past we have hardly heard anything of this kind. Twenty years ago I used to quote those statements in order to argue against them. But I gave it up. Why? Because I never quoted them without some orthodox person, who had heard me, coming to me afterward and protesting that it was not fair; that nobody holds that now, and that I was caricaturing the faith of orthodox Christians. And only a year or two ago, when Rev. S. J. Barrows published his little work entitled, "The Doom of the Majority," showing what dreadful consequences are involved in that old doctrine, newspaper after newspaper, representing different orthodox bodies, took him up as guilty of misrepresentation. And yet here this very week we have one of the largest Christian bodies in the country voting by a majority of nearly two to one, that it is

so, and that that is the belief of Congregationalism, and, though it has no power over individual churches at home, refusing to allow as a foreign missionary any one who believes that there is any hope for all the countless millions of heathen who have died, or are dying, without having been converted to Christianity.

And yet, in spite of all this reaffirmation, I venture to say that this doctrine of the damnation of the heathen is dead. It has ceased to be believed in any living sense. People may talk it, but they do not realize what it means to believe it. Why, it is a doctrine which, if those who vote to maintain it had the slightest real sense of what it means, would cast a gloom and shadow over life. What kindly Christian heart that really thought of all that vast ancient world—Egypt, Assyria, Greece, India and China—and all the teeming myriads of the past—all the children of the living God—could think for a moment of their being all in hell, without a sinking of the soul and a doubt whether the whole idea must not be a dreadful dream? Think of the lofty minds and heroic lives that rose up here and there like mountain peaks along those far-off centuries, so lofty and noble that even yet across the immeasurable years they stand out, visible personalities, Zoroaster and Buddha, and the mild, thoughtful Confucius, and among the nearer Greeks many a philosopher and sage who spent his life in the eager striving to discern the truth, and many a hero like those 300 who fought and died to the last man about Leonidas, their king, to save their country from the mighty hosts of Persia. Nothing but hell for these? Dare any one stand up in these days and say squarely that he believes Socrates is in hell? But it is not of such great ones that I think. Any creed tries to leave some little loop-hole of hope for such as they. The Emperor Trajan was believed to be delivered from hell by the prayers of Pope Gregory I.; and Buddha was canonized among the saints, though, it is said, only by an inadvertence. But what presses most upon me is the thought of all the nameless myriads who, from the arctic wastes to the tropical jungles, through all the boundless, unrecorded past, grew up and did the part that was for them in God's world, toiled, loved, fought their fight, and fought it well, reared children and taught them such duty as they knew, and in their rude ways felt after God if haply they might find him, and, then, dimly believing in some greater life to come, passed on to what? To everlasting hell? Why, it is horrible! If men really believed it, it would darken the universe and fill life with gloom. But they do not believe it. The burning of a score of people in a theatre or a railroad car awakens more real concern in the world in a day than all the flames of hell do in a year. No! in the common world that idea of there being no hope for any but Christians is utterly dead and gone—and it is not because the common world has grown to believe too little for such a thought, to hold its peace, but because it has come to believe too much!

And do you note that some of the very signs which are taken to show that the doctrine still holds its place really show how utterly dead it is. If men really believed it, it would seem so dreadful that they would be glad if any one could show them a glimmering of hope. But when Joseph Cook once took this doctrine in hand, and, with one of his elaborate word buildings, worked gradually up to the absolute eternity of hell, his audience, of the strongest Boston orthodoxy, greeted that climax with an involuntary cheer. Could anything better show the utter hollowness of the whole thing? The fact is, they cheered because they merely felt it as an augmentative point against liberalism. Could they have cheered if they had really felt it as the final closing of all doors of hope upon the lost? I felt when I heard that, that instead of showing how strong this doctrine was, it showed how weak it was.

And so as I read those labored arguments at Springfield for its being still maintained as part of the essential creed of orthodoxy, I long to hear some strong voice crying out: Away with it, away with this nightmare upon faith, this shadow on the face of the Infinite Father! That is my only complaint about the debate. The whole thing is treated too tenderly. Those who hold the great thought of the eternal hope seem too apologetic about it. They

seem to touch it half timidly, as if they were not very confident, and wanted merely to be allowed to hold it quietly, even making the point sometimes that it is not anything to be much preached or spoken of. I felt, as I read, as if I wanted to find some of them speaking of it as a great light and joy, something which makes God more dear, and heaven a larger and more blessed thing, and opens out the vast illimitable future with great rich possibilities to all of human kind! B. H.

"NAUGHTY THINGS NICE."

A little girl who had been corrected for some pet fault, asked her mother in a troubled tone, "Mamma, why is it that naughty things are so nice?" Alas! it is an old question, as old as Eve herself, who probably thought the forbidden apple was very nice. It is the illusion of all wrong-doers. Transgression looks very sweet—at first.

But what are the facts? *Are naughty things really nice?* Does not penalty follow straightway on wrong-doing? Was not Shakespeare's theology sound, when he wrote, "Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil"? Says the Scripture: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Does it not *always* die? The degradation of character, the decay of the nobler nature, the gradual sinking of the man into the beast or the fiend,—is not this a spiritual death? And is it not a terrible thing, even when there are no immediate agonies of conscience? But does not conscience, sooner or later, make for the wrong-doer a hell, here or hereafter? Does not every sinner find sooner or later, what the drunkard finds in his delirium tremens, that naughty things are not nice?

Then, what is forgiveness? Is it a sudden escape from all these penalties of sin? That would be as immoral as unwise. For it is, certainly, making light of the real guilt and misery of sin, to teach that forgiveness removes all the divinely appointed penalties of transgression, so that one may sin through a long life and yet enter into perfect bliss at the end. Is not forgiveness rather the simple restoring of harmony with God, the return of the prodigal to his Father's house, which makes it now easier to bear the inevitable penalties of his sin? And what is salvation but deliverance from *sin itself*,—not from the consequences of sin, except so far as some degree of peace and hope and spiritual strength may be imparted in forgiveness? How plainly does Jesus teach in the parable of the Prodigal Son, that the prodigal, even when forgiven, had still to bear these penalties, in the loss of his money, his health, his wasted years, and his good name! Neither the elder son nor any one else offered himself as a substitute to bear these penalties which the prodigal had incurred. He had to bear them himself. And so must every wrong-doer. There is no escape; there is *no substitution.*

If we look, then, at the terrible facts of life, brushing away all illusion, we see that hell is *here and now*, as well as hereafter, and that sooner or later *sin is misery*; that an *endless* hell is not needed to warn transgressors against the imagined delights of wrong-doing; for the real hell here and in the coming ages, is terrible enough, and as long as a soul plunges downward into darkness and away from God, it will suffer. Indeed it suffers more and more, until at last the suffering becomes so intolerable that the illusion of the delightfulness of sin is swept away, and the prodigal son "comes to himself" and eagerly turns his face toward his Father's house. Thus will all retribution prove at last to be not only the expression of God's indignation at sin, but also the Father's blessed discipline by which the prodigal is brought back to repentance,—as the furthest wandering comet comes back at last out of the distant darkness into the light and warmth of the central orb. And can there be any perfect bliss in heaven while one soul remains unredeemed? Will not the Great Shepherd follow every wandering soul into the wilderness, seeking for it everywhere, "*until he find it*"? CHARLES A. ALLEN.

Will our readers be so kind as to send us the names of any of their friends not taking the UNITARIAN who they think might like it, so that we may send them sample copies?

THE MESSAGE TO THE HEATHEN FROM SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

A Sermon Preached in the Church of the Messiah, New York, by Robert Collyer.

"God is love." I John, iv, 8.
"We are his offspring." Acts xvii, 29.

It was not pleasant news we heard the other day, that when the vote was taken in Springfield on the burning question of the doom of the heathen it stood ninety-five to forty-three against any hope for them here or hereafter, if they do not give up their own faith, whatever that may be, and embrace that held by the great Council. They must do this or they will be lost forever, just as their fathers were before them and their children will be after them, world without end. And so if this majority of fifty-two holds the power of the keys, the question is settled and there is no more to be said, and no appeal to be made to a higher court.

It was expected that this question would come up and demand some sort of an answer, for the reasons I tried to touch upon in speaking to you of the old school at Andover. This school was founded and endowed, as I make out the story, to raise up a line of young prophets who would prophesy backward; but it is now turning out men, greatly to its own wonder, who are heralds of a new springtime both at Andover and in the Church from which we parted many years ago.

It was about these men especially that the trouble rose in the Council, and it was settled by the vote very much as if such a body of men should meet in the wild March weather and resolve by a vote of ninety-five to forty-three that there shall be no spring, or in any case if there was one, they would give it no welcome. Some of these young prophets of a larger and fairer gospel want to go out as missionaries to the heathen, but their conception of the love of God who is our Father (so we all say), has proven to be so sweet and gracious that they find they cannot go forth bearing in their hearts and on their tongues the old ruthless message which, although good enough for their fathers seventy-seven years ago, they can no longer call the *glad tidings* of the Gospel, the old ruthless message which declares to the heathen that they are all under the condemnation of God, not only for their own sin, but also for the sin of Adam who brought death into the world and all our woe with loss of Eden. Nor are they alone in this trouble, or as yet in the sorest misery; for their whole race has lain under this same curse since time began; the dead and gone went to hell and are there now with no hope of release, not as probates but as reprobates *past* all hope, and all help, lost souls, whom their children, too, must join. If they do not accept these glad tidings the missionary has to tell them, *they* can have no hope but only a deeper and direr despair because they have rejected the Gospel, the good news of God. These Andover young men cannot go forth declaring thus; because within the times old men remember there have been missionaries in our own land of a Gospel which puts this to shame, a noble and wonderful line of such better missionaries beginning with Channing, if I may name only the immortal dead, and closing with Beecher; and because there has been a higher and better Gospel than Channing's and Beecher's even, the holy spirit of God in all tender and pitiful human hearts. So these young prophets have felt they could not carry the message just as it stands in the canons of their church, and have pleaded for fairer and better terms. They want to say to these heathen: We are by no means sure that the myriads past all numbering who never heard our Gospel have gone down quick into hell; we are not sure, indeed, that this life closes the account for any man who has not recklessly and willfully thrown away his opportunities. We do not want to whip you into the Christian pale through fear, but to win you to it by love; for that is the grandest and divinest motive power in all God's universe so far as we know. So they have pleaded, these young men, who would give their lives gladly in this work and count all things but loss for its excellent glory. They are saying also: Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel, yet how shall we preach except we are sent? and the answer comes from this clear majority of the fifty-two apostles of the old ruthless message: You can not go.

It might well be expected from what we know about the ever-growing vision of a

fairer and sweeter Gospel in the old sister church and in all the churches, that these men would not stand alone in their plea for liberty. He was of their closest kith and kin who bore such a peerless witness to the truth and laid his arms so lovingly about the child as he came away from his last service in Plymouth church. His word has gone like leaven through their churches, while the holy spirit of truth has gone with it, touching, as I said, the tender and pitiful human heart. Another rises in the great council and says: "This hope these young men would bear in their Gospel to the heathen has been held by some of the noblest and saintliest fathers of the church ever since the second century. It pervades to a great extent the views of the choicest evangelists to-day in England and Germany, and in Germany I think it has done more than any other influence I know of to roll back the tide of infidelity in the last thirty years." Yet another stands forth and says: "When I go home and ask my people to give their money for these missions to the heathen, they will know that I am asking them to give to a society which would spurn me from its doors if I wanted to go out as a missionary myself; nor is there a minister of our order in Boston to-day, with it may be one exception, who could go; and so I ask whether the time has not come when what is good enough for our churches at home is not good enough for these churches abroad." And still another of these children of the light and the day says: "The question takes this shape in my own mind. If the men who nourish this larger hope are rejected because they cannot say positively men cannot be saved except in this life, we shall have to reckon not with Andover alone, but with the whole liberal spirit of the country."

This is some slight report of the plea made in the Council for a larger and fairer Gospel by ministers of eminent churches at the east. They are making it in their own pulpits and their people are with them. Such a plea has been made by noble and saintly men these 1700 years. In the homes and cradles of the Reformation in the old world untold good has been done by such preaching in the last thirty years. But these apostles who hold the keys and lock the heathen fast in doom, say we will have no such heresy as your larger hope. We are trying to evangelize the world with certain weapons. One of these is the Gospel. Will it be wise to let this new faith lie side by side with that we have used: they are not consistent. One man says the old is better and the law of God does not furnish a probation after death. Another says: This thing began with Thomas Erskine as a larger hope. He was a saintly man, but he said, 'We shall value the Bible more as we become independent of it.' If a man takes our Gospel to the heathen and they ask him: Were our ancestors sinners? he must say, yes. Are they under condemnation—that is, are they damned? Yes. Do they have another probation? Let him answer, yes, and what can be more natural than the reply: Then they could not have been damned? So ran the argument of these advocates of the old system which moves to all seeming, not on wheels, let alone wings, but on hinges rather, and so has attained to perpetual motion but no progress.

In touching upon this question once more for the truth's sake, as I understand it, and for the sake of the larger and fairer hope for the heathen and for all men, which hope we also nourish and proclaim, may I not say that I am not here to judge these men for their opinions; because I think they have come as honestly by them as I have by mine, hold them as sincerely, and are as gentle and good in their life, so far as I know them, as I can ever hope to be. But while we are not here to judge the men, may we not fairly judge this system—this frightful dogma, which holds them in bondage to fear? John Hales, one of the early prophets of the larger hope in England, says: "No man would conclude another to be eternally lost who did not wish him to be so, while such a conclusion not only tortures the victim but also hardens the tormentor by leading him alike to forget the extent of our human ignorance and the scale of the divine operations." Another wise and good man says: "When I hear people talk of this dreadful dogma with a certain relish, I always have to doubt whether they do love their neighbors as themselves." I have no business or purpose to bring such judgments as

these home to any of the men in the great Council who cast that vote. I know some of them, and I want to know no kindlier or more humane men of any persuasion, apart from the system that holds them in its bondage and compels them to say and do such things as these we hear of in the Council.

Now and then in the old times, and not seldom, you would meet a man from the South with as kind and gentle a heart in him as can well beat, one of nature's noblemen; but when you came to talk with him about the system of slavery you found he was bound to and bound by the system, and saw all things through its dismal glass. This is the trouble, I take it, with these men. They also are bound to and bound by this system, and see all things through its dismal glass. They are not the men of whom Jesus said: Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. As good as I know some of them to be, it comes to pass in a deed like this that evil is their good. Southey, a good sound churchman as he was a good sound scholar, says in one of his letters: "I cannot believe in an eternal hell for any man. I hope God will forgive me if I am wrong, but here I cannot even say, Lord help mine unbelief." So say these young men who want to go out to the heathen with a larger hope and a fairer Gospel; so say also the eminent men in their own church who stand by them and plead their cause in the Council. But the answer they get from the ninety-five is, Lord help their unbelief in the eternal doom of the heathen, past, present, and to come, who will not accept our dogma, or never had or will have the chance to do so. Lady Byron says, also in a letter: "I own to intolerance about one thing, and that is, the idea of eternal suffering. To believe in that would take away my belief in the all loving God." But these men bound by their system say this is one of the strong and square foundations of our belief in Him, that he not only permits such suffering but has ordained it from the beginning of the world.

"The goats are cast into the fire
Forever burning higher,
But the sheep feed on the lea
And will to all eternity."

Woe is me that I should quote such lines, but they tell the story of the system to which such men are bound. It is no matter that there may be many very choice goats in the vast hapless herd and some very mean sheep in the choice little flock, here are the sheep all the same and there are the goats. There can be no controversy, the goats are cast into the fire—such is the Gospel we will send to the heathen.

That was a grand truth of Thomas Erskine's quoted in the Council, "That we shall value the Bible more as we become independent of it." The failure to appreciate this truth, it seems to me, lies at the root and within the heart of very much of this trouble.

I should not count that man my friend who would say I do not set as much store as he can do on whatsoever things are true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of a good report in the Bible. It is as Carlyle says: "The one book wherein for thousands of years the spirit of man has found light and nourishment and a response to whatever was deepest in his heart." But as I have tried to show you more than once, men do not come to the Bible for what they ought to find in it, but rather for what they want to find, not for God's clear truth, but for what they imagine ought to be his truth.

They have got the appetite and they expect the Bible to feed it; they ask their question and look to the book to supply the answer, and so vast and various is the store they find within its pages that it goes hard with them if they do not come soon or late on just the answer they are seeking. We have only to note how we have drawn from the self-same book the word to save men's souls and to slay their bodies, to establish peace and to mass artillery, and to be Christians of the noblest type and bigots of the meanest; how the self-same volume is the text-book of your dark and woful Calvinism and your sunny Universalism, and holds the stuff from which your Quaker draws his quietness and your Second Advent man his craze. The Bible was the corner-stone of the Puritan's freedom, it was also the authority from which he drew his power to burn witches, hang Quakers, and banish Baptists beyond his borders. So the same

book gives sight and ensures blindness makes melody and fosters discord, and is sweet to one man as milk and honey, and bitter to another as unripe crabs, according as he brings to it the turn and temper for the sweet or the bitter, the light or the shadow, the great and fair hope or the eternal despair.

And here again to my mind is another cause for this vote of ninety-five to forty-three. It dates back to the founder of the system, John Calvin, of unhappy memory. He asked the questions and found the answers he has hidden in the heart of his institutes, and so founded his school and created his system. Some will say it was needed there and then as a stronghold against the errors of the old church and its tyranny, and I shall not question that claim this morning. Others will say it has done a grand work in this world in these three hundred years and more, and I shall not question *that* claim either this morning, any more than I question the worth of fire, when you must have it, or quick lime, or the worth of iron bolts and girders, or of the Krupp gun. "And I, Richard Sunderland, being quite sure, that I am one of the elect of God, make this my last will and testament"—so runs the old parchment will, of a man who lived in Haworth just two hundred years ago. It may have its clear virtue for the right sort of man, but the thoughts of men are widened in the courses of the sun, the good poet says. The question arises whether that which is good enough, it may be for one age, is good enough for another, and whether, what seemed true three hundred years ago to such a man as Calvin is just as true now. They say, No: these young Apostles and their noble advocates in the great Council. They say, Yes: who cast the vote of the fifty-two majority; and who is to say them nay? I stand here to say them nay, to say your vote is not worth the paper on which it is recorded, and to render such reasons as are possible to my mind for my conviction.

I. This man with the marvellously logical mind who will lead you inevitably to his conclusion if you allow his premises, had from what we hear of him a most miserable body. It was very like that Carlyle had in his worst days, and for very much the same reason. I do not think it is unfair to say, that what the one man found in his philosophy the other found in his faith; namely, that there must be always a few elect souls who shine like the stars, while the rest are ruck and refuse whose end is to be burned. It is with this heart in him, and this temper, or shall I not say distemper, that Calvin comes to the Bible and finds there food for the meditations on our human life and destiny which he breathes into his system. It is as if a man with a rare genius for painting should care nothing for the broad and sunny splendors of the earth and heavens, but should devote his life to painting pictures, in which the light lies only on some happy spot, while all the rest is dark, or lighted only by lurid fires. The system grew out of the man, it could grow in no other way. It was as true to what lay in him as his vast and varied dramas are to Shakespeare, and his noblest lyrics to Burns, or as the sunny pictures I see now and then in the *Century* are to the men who draw them. He could only come to the Bible for the colors he would use, and the way he would use them; the result is the school we call after his name, and these men who are bound to his system will allow no new light if they can help it to lift and brighten the great dark shadows, or to soften the lurid fires shooting up from the pit.

II. But it has come to pass that the light, the advocate of the greater hope spoke of in the Council as shining away back in the second century, has grown broader and brighter in our age than ever before. The age of faith has become blended with the age of reason, and when we say to men, now you must believe in God, they reply, What God, Calvin's? and then the answer waits for the man.

There was a time when men accepted an infallible church, but the brightest and bravest manhood in Christendom said no, at last, to that; and then *no* it was and will be. Then they accepted an infallible book, but now they are saying, no to that again. Erskine's "when" is changing to now, and the wisest and deepest-hearted value the Bible more, the more they become independent of it. Myriads of men and women are saying in our time what John Stuart Mill said: "I will call no

being good who is not what I mean when I apply that term to my fellow man, and if such a being can sentence me to eternal perdition for not so calling him, there I will go." They light on such sentences as I read for my text and lesson: God is Love, and In Him we live and move and have our being, and We also are his offspring, and the wonderful words in the Gospels that seem to bleed with Jesus' tender pity; or sentences like these in the sacred books of the heathen, the system sends wholesale to the pit: "The heavens and the earth take refuge in thee as a child with its mother;" "God appears in the highest thought, the truest reason, the sincerest action, and is the Father of all truth;" and "As the face is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is made beautiful by the shining through it of God." So men read in these days of the fairer light, and so one may presume these good apostles have been reading who have struck the nobler hope. I know their hearts by my own, I had to go through it all a generation ago. They cannot believe in the frightful dogma. If you can prove to them that the Bible maintains it, they say, So much the worse for the Bible, we will not. To their minds such a dogma is maintained not by the Bible, which is the word of God alone, but by the book, if it be such, which is made up of all words.

He is not love to them as he is not to us, if this could be true, which the system insists upon; he can not have sent those myriads no man can number down to the eternal doom for a transgression in which they had no more part or lot than as if they had been born on Mars or Jupiter; or for sin, born of their ignorance or their limitations. These young prophets read their gospels, and see how Jesus was the first who ever cared for the poor, the ignorant, the weak, the slaves of sin; who said, I came to seek and save that which was lost, and exalting him to an equality with the Father, or as we do to an identity with him, they cannot and will not believe that they ought to go forth to the heathen with such a message as that the system would chain about their hearts and call glad tidings of God's grace and mercy and love. They plead for nobler terms, their plea can not be heard, those who are bound to and bound by the system will not hear. The men of light and leading in our pulpits cry out for nobler terms. So much the worse for you and your people, is the answer. We are here to allow no fairer light to shine, no higher hope to spring, no sweeter and more reasonable gospel to spread. Witness our ninety-five to your forty-three.

III. So runs the message to the heathen from Springfield, in Massachusetts, and so back to us on the rebound. I speak not of the close corporation and its action because this is not the time or place, perhaps, and because it seems that corporations like these even may have no souls, or if they have, in this case it has got buried, one fears, under that six hundred thousand dollars yearly income. I speak of that which lies nearest my heart, the pitiful sight of good men, and gentle and humane, as I know some of these are—let me say it once more—so blind to the large fair lights that are shining from the divine old book, and so deaf to its winsome messages of a larger and fairer gospel for men of every name.

I speak in no hopeless spirit. The spring is breaking forth in the old sister church that would not hear of it in the days of our own great apostle. The heralds are all abroad trying their voices over the glad tidings, and if we hear aright, they are the most radiant and numerous down there in the old home of the nobler and more excellent faith, both in God and man, whereof we are witnesses. This action of the ninety-five is only for to-day, and it may be to-morrow; the day after is coming on swift wings when they will wonder how they ever managed to obtain that vote, and it may be will pass another to scrape it out from the record as a blot on the fair page of the book of their church life. A revolution is being inaugurated of the sort that never goes backward. These men of the larger hope are its heralds and pioneers.

> "They have the future grand and great,
> The safe results of truth and time."

These grand truths, God is love, and We also are his offspring, and all the great and blessed things Jesus said and did, and the

great and blessed *one* he was,—these will win the world, and that, too, if there is no change in the creeds and standards, or in those that stand by them.

"Such men must change their tactics, they may never
Make full grown men breathe free in these old bonds.
The stream of thinking flows on like a river,
They cannot dam it up in their poor ponds.
Good friends, take their advice who love you well:
Creeds did their duty grandly in their day,
Primers—that taught the eager youth to spell
Which now looks up and in a manly way
Explores its Bible.—Why did Luther fling
That ban against the Pope, and his misdeeds,
If a man's judgment must be caged in creeds,
Each free word gagged, and clipt each upward wing?
And you with churchly ban and council drum
Strike such true pleaders blind and prophets dumb."

UNITARIANISM IN HUNGARY.

VI.—A Unitarian King.

The Reformation opened a new era in the civilization of Europe. Until then, and even afterwards, all power was concentrated in the hands of the monarchs and a few princes. Nothing of general import could count upon general recognition without their approval.

Thus it happened that apostles of spiritual freedom, such as Luther and Calvin, after rousing the conscience of the public, tried their best to gain the favor of some of the worldly princes.

Considering these facts, we shall not be surprised to find early Unitarians seeking and receiving royal favor. In 1566 Francis David became chaplain to King John Sigismund, and, while enjoying his patronage, exercised, in turn, a great influence over the young king.

John Sigismund, the son of King John I. of Hungary, and the granddaughter of Sigismund II., king of Poland, was born on the 7th of July, 1540. His birth gave great joy to the Hungarian national party; for they hoped thereby to prevent Ferdinand, the German, already king of western Hungary, from becoming king of the eastern portion. They succeeded. His father, on the day of his birth, withdrew the promise made to Ferdinand, and nominated the young Sigismund to the throne. But a few days passed and the father died. On the day of his burial the crown of St. Stephen (first king of Hungary) was placed on the head of his infant son, and thus Hungary had again a born Hungarian for king.

Almost at his birth, dark clouds began to form about John Sigismund's head. The royal counsellors entrusted the regency to the queen until the child should become of age. But she had soon to take refuge in Poland from the intrigues of her opponents. After many vicissitudes she returned, gained back her throne, and in 1556 gave it over to her son.

The young king possessed superior ability. It is acknowledged even by his foes that he realized the ideal of the age when he led Unitarianism to victory. Those public religious controversies which served to crystallize the religious ideas of the time were made more important by the circumstance that the king himself expressed his convictions. At Varad he said: "We wish that in our dominions there be freedom of conscience; we know that faith is the gift of God, and that conscience cannot be led to anything by force."

What a high promise the leaders of the new movement had in such a noble-minded monarch! Alas, in not more than two years, in 1571, the king was taken severely ill, and died the same year.

His last act in the matter of religion was to reaffirm the law concerning religious freedom, and to enroll and legalize the Unitarian among the other churches of the country. This last act of John Sigismund probably saved the Unitarian church. As soon as the king closed his eyes, an anti-Unitarian movement began. The opponents of the church succeeded in electing Stephen Bathori to the throne. Bathori was a Catholic. It was now perfectly evident to the Unitarians that the bright days of their church were ended and that an age of constant struggle was about to begin.

George Boros.

OUR INDIAN SCHOOL.

The recent outbreak at the Crow agency in Montana, has created a general commotion throughout the tribe, and a temporary interruption to our Indian work. Most of the pupils have been taken away by their parents under promise of returning when quiet is restored, and Mr. Bond, though not believing in the necessity, thought

best to heed the repeated warnings of friendly Indians and whites, and send the women and remaining children to the nearest settlement for safety. After remaining there two days, they returned to Ramona Ranch. All this excitement was caused by the riotous conduct of a few young "Bucks," under the leadership of a crazy fanatic, "Medicine Man," who claims supernatural powers, and is implicitly believed in by his deluded followers. So infatuated are they, that one of his converts, Jocko, an uncle of two of our pupils in the Montana Industrial School, who had been assured by Medicine Man, that having taken his prescribed doses, he was henceforth invulnerable, allowed his younger brother to test it by shooting at him. The first shot missed him, and confirmed his faith in his invulnerability. The second passed through his bowels, and literally staggered him, the third went through his heart and "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

This incident illustrates the gross ignorance and superstition in which this tribe, for whom no missionary work has heretofore been done, are sunk, and should but stimulate to more earnest efforts the friends of Indian education in our denomination.

Medicine Man, and some fifteen or twenty followers, had been on a horse stealing raid among the Piegans, a Montana tribe to the north of the Crows, and returning with their booty, also stole horses from the white settlers as they passed, not omitting our school, where three ponies are missing. The agent, Gen. Williamson, ordered their arrest, but the rioters laughed at the Indian police, who were powerless. They then commenced howling and firing about the houses of the agency, threatening a general uprising if any attempt was made to arrest them. The commanding officer at Fort Custer has received orders to arrest the rioters, who have taken to the mountains. The chiefs and older Crows advocate peace, but are called old women by the young braves, who seem to be "spoiling for a fight." The capture and punishment of their crazy leader and his band, will probably bring them to their senses and put an end to the disturbance.

Meanwhile, our earnest and heroic missionaries, Mr. Bond and his assistant Miss Crosby, are holding the fort; while she is devoting herself to the handful of pupils still in her charge, he and his farmer are gathering the crops, completing the work on the buildings and preparing for the long and severe Montana winter. Mrs. B. is still under medical treatment at her brother's in Michigan.

Let these faithful workers for the Master have the encouragement of our cordial sympathy and material aid. We have begun our Indian work among one of the most degraded tribes on the continent, and are now but meeting some of the obstacles that were encountered and overcome years ago by the other denominations. It is but right that we should begin at the beginning, as they did. The work appeals to our patriotism, our courage and our faith. Let us push it to success.

J. F. B. MARSHALL.

No. 25 Beacon St., Boston, Oct. 20, 1887.

DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION AT KANSAS CITY.

After being for two years or more without a place of worship of their own, and some months without a pastor, the loyal band in this marvellous city of the west have completed for themselves a new church edifice, and called a pastor, and had the double pleasure on Sunday, the sixteenth of October, of dedicating the one and installing the other. Rev J. T. Sunderland was called from Ann Arbor to preach the dedication sermon, and Rev. David Utter from Chicago, to preach the sermon of installation,—while Rev. C. G. Howland, of Lawrence, and Rev. Enoch Powell, of Topeka, came to give the charge to the minister and the address to the church, and Rev. C. B. Roberts, of St. Joseph, Mo., to take part otherwise in the services. Mr. Sunderland took for his subject, "The Transcient and the Enduring in Religion," and Mr. Utter, "What is Christianity?" The congregations were large, the addresses and sermons were positive in thought and earnest in feeling; the Service of Dedication, read responsively by minister and people, was very impressive. We have heard a considerable number of such services, and had a hand in shaping several, but we have never seen one more satisfactory than this. We print it on another page. It may well be used on many a similar occasion.

The new minister is Rev. J. E. Roberts, who was for five or six years pastor of the First Baptist Church in Kansas City, but grew out of his old faith, and two or three years ago joined our communion. He has been for some time preaching in Grand Rapids, Mich. He has a large number of friends in Kansas City, so that in coming back he is really returning home.

The new church edifice stands in what is regarded as an excellent location—certainly the lot is an expensive one. The grading of lots in Kansas City is something frightful, we were told that to grade this and put in the foundation of the church had cost seven thousand dollars. The whole cost of the building is about twenty thousand dollars. The structure is of brick, with no attempt at ornamentation or display, but home-like, and particularly on the inside very pleasant and

tasteful. The basement story, which is high and light, is not yet finished off, but when done will furnish most excellent and ample accommodations for the Sunday School and social life of the church.

The people seem in excellent heart and hope. We ought to hear better things than ever before from the Kansas City society.

DEDICATORY SERVICE:

USED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW UNITARIAN CHURCH, KANSAS CITY, OCT. 16, 1887.

Minister. In all nations, the thoughtful of every generation, in the spirit of worship and of duty, though in varying forms, have builded temples to the Eternal One as their just and reasonable service. Following this high and holy impulse of our race, we, too, have raised this, our temple, for the elevation and betterment of man, whom we name our brother, and for the glory and worship of the Eternal One, whom we name our Father, the Lord Almighty. Therefore, in the spirit of love and helpfulness to man, and of reverence and worship toward God, and in the strong hope of a life after death, made more joyous by a life lived worthily here, let us consecrate this temple which we have builded. First of all, let us dedicate this house to the worship of God.

People. We will enter these, thy gates, O, God! with reverence and thanksgiving. Open unto us the temple of thy righteousness, and we will worship at thy footstool. Here may we seek and find that presence which is over all, in all, and through all, blessed and helpful forevermore.

Minister. Let us dedicate this house to a religion of righteousness.

People. To that service of righteousness which maketh pure hearts and giveth to life the beauty of holiness, we dedicate this house.

Minister. To the spirit of charity let us dedicate this house.

People. To charity that suffereth long and is kind, that thinketh no evil, that envieth not, that is not easily provoked, that rejoiceth in the truth, and hoping all things, and enduring all things, neither faileth nor vanisheth away, we dedicate this house.

Minister. To the spirit of love, let us dedicate this house.

People. To the spirit of love, that unseen, helpeth with faithful hand; that unheard, speaketh stronger than the storm; that sanctifieth all life with sweet tenderness, and glorifieth the sternest duty with joy, we dedicate this house.

Minister. To the spirit of universal brotherhood, let us dedicate this house.

People. Let us dedicate this house to the spirit of universal brotherhood, and name it "All Souls," letting all unkindness die, and greed, and hate, and wrong; holding good will and helpful kinship toward all that live.

Minister. To the spirit of freedom in religion, which accords the largest liberty to every earnest soul seeking for its duty; to a religion of light and joy, that sees in God a father and a helpful friend, and recognizes the nobility of man, and seeks his elevation, let us dedicate this house.

People. So let us dedicate this house. Amen.

Minister. To the memory of our beloved dead, to the spirit of those whose lives have been true and worthy, brave and holy, in all days and all times, to the defenders of the nation's righteousness, to the prophets souls of all ages whose uttered truths have unloosed the bonds of ignorance and of wrong, and to the spirit of him of Nazareth who died upon the cross in love to God, and for the betterment of our race, let us dedicate this house.

People. To the preservation of the sancity of home, to the memory of those loved ones that being dead yet live, to noble manhood and womanhood everywhere, to the honoring of our country, and to pure Christianity, yet the highest hope of universal religion, we dedicate this house.

Minister. Here may childhood be led into ways of wisdom and paths of peace. Here may youth be guided to pure, courageous living. Here may maturity be reminded of those things that endure forever. Hither may age turn its footsteps to find rest in the peace and wisdom of God. Here may babes be brought to their consecration. Here may marriage vows be sanctified. And here may the shadows of Death be lifted.

People. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."

"And the grave shall have no power, for Death is swallowed up in victory."

All. O, Father, Thou Eternal One, sanctify this house, that it may be to us and our children's children a House of God, the Gate of Heaven. Establish, O Lord, the work of our hands, yea, the work of our hands, O God the Father Almighty, establish Thou it. Amen.

Two excellent new tracts have been added to the *Register* Series, viz.: "Behold the Man," by Rev. W. P. Tilden, and "Practical Christianity," by Rev. Chas. A. Allen. The latter sums up Christianity as "truth, trust and love." We think truth, love and worship would be truer.

MRS. BROTHERTON'S POEMS.

Under the title of "The Sailing of King Olaf and Other Poems,"* Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton gives us a collection of some seventy-five of her shorter poetical compositions, covering a great variety of subjects,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

and sung in many metres and keys. The longest is the quaint ballad which gives its name to the volume, five pages long; the shortest is the quatrain. Mrs. Brotherton seems to us a real singer, and as she is a member of our Unitarian household of faith, we will give our readers a few of the poems which we like best in the volume. We think nothing of a narrative kind is better than "King Olaf," the lesson of which is

"Time spent in prayer is never lost."

Early in the volume we come upon a poetical bit which we find ourselves, as we go on, instinctively applying to the poet's own singing. It is entitled

UNAWARES.

A song welled up in a singer's heart,
(Like a song in the throat of a bird)
And loud he sang and far it rang,—
For his heart was strangely stirred:
And he sang for the very joy of song,
With no thought of one who heard.
Within the listener's wayward soul
A heavenly patience grew.
He fared on his way with a benison
On the singer, who never knew
How the careless song of an idle hour
Had shaped a life anew.

Half through the book we come to a dozen "Quatrains," two or three of which are these:

THE FALLING STAR.

See where yonder star falls headlong, flashing
Across the purple twilight air!—
An angel bears to earth from heaven
The answer to a mortal's prayer.

NOW.

Has one a tender thought of me?
Speak it (I pray) O friend, *to-day*.
To-morrow betwixt thee and me
Like a shut door the grave shall be.

A CHILD'S ANSWER.

What makes the buttercup so yellow?
O, he caught a golden sunbeam in his cup,
And would not yield it up—
The saucy fellow!

Three winter songs are good: we give the shortest, which is simple and sweet:

MIDWINTER.

The sad earth cowers beneath the snow
That wraps her like a shroud;
Around the house the bleak winds go
With wailings shrill and loud.
But soft and low my heart doth sing:
"I know, I know—
After each winter comes a spring,
When roses blow."

What time my soul in sadness lay
Compassed by shadows drear,
When gladness seemed so far away
And sadness near—so near;
Still soft and low my heart would sing:
"I know, I know—
That after sorrow there comes a morrow
With joy aglow."

Nine short poems are grouped together under the head of "Carmina Votiva." One of these affords us so clear a glimpse into the mother-heart of the writer that we print it:

WOMAN AND ARTIST.

If she neglected an especial gift
And turned from laurel crowns she might have won,
From the high tasks that genius might have done,
Dropped the pencil or the brush to lift
Wee baby feet across the stones, to sift
Meanings from childish prattle, and to croon
Low, tender cradle-songs in dreamy tone—
Catching from baby eyes, as through a rift
In clouds, the light of heaven,—Is this a lot
To be deplored? Nay, would she if she could
Exchange? First, *woman*—after, poet—what
You will! Her soul has seized the greater good:
The dizzy heights of fame were well forgot
To sound the wondrous depth of Motherhood.

A group of "Rose Songs" will be thought by some as beautiful as anything in the book. But we pass these to come to the last division of the volume, which the writer entitles "The Inner Life." It is here that she seems to us at her best.

DAILY BREAD.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

What is this bread
Wherewith we're daily fed?
One time in thoughtful mood I questioning said.

Is't wheaten loaves?
Or bread fruit from the groves?
Or crust unleavened such as Jewry loves?

Were such the feast
How better than the beast
In yonder field, were man's life in the least?

"By bread alone
Man shall not live," said One
Unto the tempter in rebuking tone.

* Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Price $1.00.

"By earthly bread
Alone, man is not fed;
But by each word that comes from the Godhead."

Each word?—Each thought
Which hitherto hath brought
The soul more near the virtue which it sought;

Each earnest hope
Which gives to Faith new scope,
Each gleam that lights this darkness where we grope;

And each desire
Which lifts the mortal higher
Toward that immortal whereto we aspire;

This is that bread
Wherewith our souls are fed,
Without which man, indeed, in sin were dead.

Then day by day,
Give me, dear Lord, I pray,
That bread which shall my fasting spirit stay!

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN NOTES.

One does not hear much of the *Alt. Katholik* movement of late; but we learn that there are still forty-six congregations of Old Catholics under the jurisdiction of Bishop Herzog, of Switzerland.

It is announced that Dr. Martineau hopes to be present at the next Eighth National Unitarian Conference, at Leeds, and to read a paper on Organization.

A meeting of German Rabbis has been held at Breslau to appoint a commission which shall undertake a translation into German of the Talmud. All that is doubtful is to be removed from the text, and an accurate harmonious view of the Jewish law is to be given. Thus says the *Christian Life*, but for ourselves we would sooner have a translation with the doubtful things left in. We want to see the Talmud as it is.

The Baird Trust in connection with the Established [Presbyterian] Church of Scotland, was established in 1874, and since then it has given grants amounting to £285,000 in the erection and endowment of churches.

The revisers of the German translation of the Bible, lately begun, at Cologne, the third and last reading of the Old Testament.

New openings for women's work in the churches keep showing themselves. Canon Body, the canon missioner of Durham, finding that in the colliery villages, as a rule, the only person with any pretence to education was the clergyman, has, with the consent of the bishop, trained a number of ladies who are willing to reside among the miners, in order to teach, nurse, and in other ways help to humanize the pitmen and their families, whose toil is so arduous and their work so monotonous.

In another direction we read in the *Christian Life* that "Lady Henry Somerset has been creating considerable sensation in Worcestershire, with her Gospel temperance tent services and peripatetic preaching."

Meanwhile, to get over the difficulty of boy-choirs, which are often far from a pure help to worship, choirs of both men and women are being resorted to in many parishes. In the parish church of Skelton-in-Cleveland, this has been carried a point further and the ladies also wear surplices! "The ladies' surplices are exceedingly tasteful, consisting of Scotch lawn with pleated backs, and in shape not unlike an M.A. gown. Purple velvet caps, similar to those worn by D.C.L.'s, complete the attire."

Our English exchanges announce the death of a very estimable lady, widow of Rev. J. R. McKee, formerly Unitarian minister at Shrewsbury. We wonder whether any of our older readers will remember this lady who, as Miss Jeffery, went to the United, some fifty years ago, as travelling companion to Miss Harriet Martineau.

While Rev. Newman Hall was on his tour in Switzerland, the chaplain at Bel-Alp, a young man of twenty-six, and the representative of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, waited upon him one Saturday night and requested him not to attend the Holy Communion next morning, on the ground that he had not been confirmed!

Twenty years ago, just before the handing over of Rome to the New Kingdom of Italy, and under the papal regime, we believe that there was not more than one Protestant church in Rome. At present the twenty-second Protestant church there is being erected.

LITERARY NOTES.

A volume of poems by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, of London, is announced by the Macmillans.

The *Inquirer*, of London, says that Dr. Martineau's long promised work on the Philosophy of Religion is passing rapidly through the press, and will appear in two volumes.

Professor Joseph Le Conte shows in an article on "Agassiz and Evolution," in the November *Popular Science Monthly*, how the whole inductive basis upon which was afterward built the modern theory of

evolution was laid by Agassiz, although he himself persistently refused to build upon it any really scientific structure.

Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells has completed a new book. It is a story, her first attempt at continued fiction, and is called "Miss Curtis."

In the October *North American Review*, Dr. James Freeman Clarke has an excellent article on the subject, "Why I am not a Free Religionist."

George H. Ellis, Boston, has just published a 16mo. book of 137 pages, entitled, "Science and Immortality." The work is a reproduction of the discussion by many eminent scientists on "What Science says about Immortality," which attracted such wide attention in the *Christian Register* of April 7. The contributions have been carefully revised by their authors, and the work has been enriched by additional contributions from Prof. A. Graham Bell; Gen. A. W. Greely, of the United States Signal Service; Prof. Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California; and Prof. Edward C. Pickering, of Harvard Observatory. In addition to the "Symposium," there are included biographical notes, giving a brief outline of the scientific career of the writers.

We mentioned some time ago the admirable book of "Hymns and Authors for Jewish Worship," prepared by our friend, Dr. G. Gottheil, for his congregation at the Temple Emanuel, New York. We now receive a companion volume of music for the same, composed and selected by A. J. Davis, the organist of Temple Emanuel. Many of the tunes are new, and the work is a real addition to the treasury of sacred song. S. Kakeles, 243 East 49th St., New York. Price $1.

A singular bibliographical discovery has just thrown light on mediæval literary customs. In the middle of the fourteenth century the book-sellers of Paris were commanded to keep books for hire. Chevalier, the famous bibliographer, has found a list of the books so circulated, and the price of reading each. The hire of a Bible was ten sous.—*Christian Life.*

We wish to call attention to the monthly Liberal Christian or Unitarian paper, which Rev. Mr. Hugenholtz, of Grand Haven, Mich., is publishing in the Dutch language. It is the only periodical of the kind in this country, and has therefore a very important mission to fulfil. We happen to know that it is not yet self-supporting, and in order to carry it on Mr. Hugenholtz is obliged to pay quite heavily from his own very moderate salary. Would not some of our Ladies' Auxiliaries, or Unity Clubs, or benevolent people individually like to assist him? It would be a thoroughly good thing to do.

In recent numbers of the *Iowa Home Journal*, Mrs. C. T. Cole, of Mt. Pleasant, has a short series of earnest articles on "The White Cross Movement, its Aims, History and Methods." Mrs. Cole is devoting her time to organizing and otherwise promoting the Social Purity work in her state, and is prepared to lecture on the subject wherever desired.

Bartholomew Legate, the Last Smithfield Martyr. By Florence Gregg. London: Swan, Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co.

This is a story well worth the telling, and evidently told here as a labor of love. We could wish the writer had displayed a little greater skill in weaving her story into an organic whole and electrifying it into life, yet we lay down the book grateful for the rescue from oblivion of so noble a character as Bartholomew Legate, who so late as the year 1611, under signature of James the First, was burned at the stake at Smithfield, the last martyr to the heresy laws of England, his especial heresy consisting in a denial of the dogma of the Trinity.

Love and Theology. By Celia P. Woolley. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

We are of those who think that a work of art is helped, not hindered, by having a moral purpose. Therefore, we think highly of the book before us, which makes no secret of its very serious purpose. Briefly stated, this is:—to present an interpretation of modern liberal religious thinking, to show that, however new methods of questioning theological subjects may subvert old *beliefs*, they involve no loss of reverence or spirituality, either in the character or the conclusions of liberal thinkers. The failure of the heroine to recognize this furnishes the collision between Love and Theology, and supplies the chief matter of the story. This main purpose, unique in fiction so far as we know, is handled admirably, and the work is to be recommended for inquirers on these themes, since a verse will hit him whom a sermon flies.

But, along with this, there is also much pleasant art in the telling of the story, notably in the bright conversations of some of the secondary characters. We lay down the book, feeling that we have been in very good company, and as somebody remarked long ago, this is the true test of a book—the frame of mind in which it leaves the reader. A. B. M.

Memoir of William Henry Channing. By O. B. Frothingham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Pp. 491. Price $2.00.

This is the story of a beautiful life, the portrayal of a singularly rich and many sided character, by the pen of a master of style. It is marked by a generous appreciation of personal traits and characteris-

tics, even those most unlike the writer's own, and a keen discrimination in interpreting actions and motives which lie far out of ordinary lines, and which a less conscientious biographer would not have taken the trouble to understand. It is a book to make one feel that he has entered into the holy of holies of a personal and lasting friendship with one of the rarest and most angelic of men. Yet in a sense a sad book we feel it to be, as we watch one after another of a life's noble dreams melting away into seeming failure. As we follow the career of the orator entrancing multitudes with his inspiring pathos, the reformer risking ease and competence and popularity for a cause, the man binding the best minds and hearts of two nations to himself in bonds of lasting friendship, admiration and love, and yet see him, dying at last, without ever having attained what the world calls success, we feel that somehow the world's dictionary must be at fault, and that the word success needs a new and higher definition.

The book as a whole is a noble contribution to a spiritual philosophy of life, showing as it does how one can live in the midst of a wordly and materialistic age, an active and sympathetic sharer in all its hopes and fears and efforts, and yet live as seeing ever the invisible. The book ought to have a large sale.

The English Drama. Outlines prepared for study classes. By Mrs. Anna B. McMahon. Quincy Ill.: Press of Volk, Jones & McMein.

This is a little pamphlet of only twenty pages, but it bears witness to much conscientious work in its preparation. The "Outlines" cover sixteen studies, eight upon Shakespeare, one each upon Marlowe, Ben. Johnson, Massinger, Middleton and Rowley, with four general studies into the history and principles of the drama. Each study is furnished with a carefully selected list of reference books. The course of study as outlined seems to us admirably adopted to the use of study classes, either with or without the aid, through correspondence, of the author, whose address is at present, Ann Arbor, Mich.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

TO PUBLISHERS.—*All books sent to* THE UNITARIAN *will be promptly acknowedged under the head of "Publications Received," with statement of publisher's price, if known.*

"Science and Immortality." The Christian Register Symposium. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. pp. 137.

"A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson." By James Eliot Cabot Two Vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.80.

"Jesus, Bar Rabba, or Jesus, Bar Abba." By Henry Pratt, M. D. London: Willians & Negate.

"The Gates Between." By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

"Notes on the Literature of Charities." By Herbert B. Adams. Baltimore, Md.

"Love and Theology." By Celia P. Woolley. Boston: Ticknor & Co. $1.50.

MISSIONARY COPIES OF THE UNITARIAN.

We have from time to time asked any of our readers who felt moved so to do to contribute funds to send out missionary copies of the UNITARIAN; and in our last number we spoke especially of the Ann Arbor work and our wish to send two or three hundred missionary copies to students here, if friends were willing to contribute to make this possible. We have already received a considerable number of subscriptions to our general missionary fund, but not enough to meet half the demand. Our contributions so far have been as follows:

Mrs. L. J. Tilton, Chicago	$24 00
B. H. Bartol, Philadelphia	10 00
Geo. Esterly, Whitewater, Wis	5 25
A. G. Munn, Louisville, Ky	3 50
Miss E. Hurd, Charlestown, Mass	1 50
Mrs. Rodman Rotch, Boston	1 50
Miss Nellie Slade, Flushing, L. I	1 00
Mrs. C E. Stratton, Boston	1 00
Mrs. P. H. Sears, Boston	50
Jed Frye, New York	50
C. H. S. Mixer, Chicago	50
E. M. Endicott, Chicago	50
E. C. Williams, Danville, Ill.	50
C. F. Whiting, New York City	50
Mrs. Nath. W. Pierce, Boston	50
Prof F. Huidekoker, Meadville, Pa	50
Mrs. S. F. Haven, Worcester, Mass	50
H. O. Kendall, Springfield, Mass	50
Albert Tolman	50
Geo M. Bartol, Lancaster, Mass	50
L N. Bradley Boston	50
Mrs. T. M. Rotch, Boston	50
F. E. Fry, Chicago, Ill	50
H. T. Thompson, Chicago, Ill	50
Chas. D. Reed, Philadelphia, Pa	50
H. W. Vinal, Boston, Mass	50
Warren Sawyer, Boston, Mass	50
E. F Daniels, Chicago, Ill	50
Geo. B. Calder, Providence, R. I	50
Mrs. Wm. Bryce, New York City	50
John J. May Boston, Mass	1 00
Rev. Pitt Dillingham, Charlestown, Mass	1 00
Mary R. Parkman, Boston, Mass	1 00

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*We wish to represent every Unitarian church in the country in these columns, and will if our friends will help us.*

Ministers, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, and church workers everywhere, please send us word—brief, concise—of the important things you do.

Don't wait for an accumulation of items, but as soon as one of interest occurs, send immediately on a postal card.—EDS. UNITARIAN.]

A Sunday School Institute of the Western Unitarian S. S. Society is to be held in the Third church (Mr. Blakes), Chicago, Nov. 8–11, with a programme which we should be interested in if it were at all fully representative of western Unitarianism. But the Institute cannot be representative, held as it is in the church of one of the chief ethical leaders, and managed mainly by the ethical party. Under other circumstances we believe such an institute would meet a hearty response from almost all our western churches and workers, and do much good. Indeed, some of us have for years been urging that the time had come for holding such an insti-

tute annually. But the fact that the Western S. S. Society as now constituted and managed is virtually a part of the western ethical machinery, and that, therefore, co-operation in such an institute as this means virtually helping, so far, to strengthen western Ethicalism, must of necessity prevent many of our best workers and churches from taking part in it. When the time comes that we can have a Sunday School Institute really representative of western Unitarianism, instead of a mere extreme segment of it, none will more rejoice or more heartily co-operate in it than we.

The brethren in Minnesota are organizing for themselves a conference, the first meeting of which will be held in Unity church, St. Paul, Nov. 16th. On the evening of the 17th a meeting will be held in Minneapolis.

The National Post-office Mission Committee, with a view to lessen the expenses ot the work as much as possible, have arranged to have the advertising done at wholesale rates. Anyone wishing to take advantage of this offer will please send full instructions as to papers desired, form of advertisment and amount to be spent, to Miss Florence Everett, 17 Park street, Dorchester, Mass.

The English Unitarian friends who have been visiting in this country, Rev. Robert Spears, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lawrence and Mr. Courtney Kenney, M. P., started for home Oct. 15, having seen New York, Philadelphia, Washington, the Hudson River, Niagara Falls, the Dominion, Boston, Concord, etc., and meeting a warm welcome everywhere. On the 11th they were at Dr. Putnam's in Concord, where they met Miss Emerson, Judge Hoar, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Sanborn, Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Rev. Mr. Bulkley, the Hollands and many other Concord people. On the 12th Dr. Putnam took them in carriages to the interesting places in Concord and Lexington, and in the evening they went to the meeting of the Unitarian Club in Boston, where a paper was read by Rev. A. D. Mayo, on "The New Education," after which speeches were made by each of the English gentlemen and President Eliot, of Harvard University. Our visitors report themselves as having greatly enjoyed their weeks in this country.

Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, is soon to visit the churches of the Pacific Coast. Rev. George Batchelor, the newly appointed Western Agent, is making the rounds of the churches in Wisconsin and Minnesota. His address for a while will be Madison, Wis.

The Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches will meet November 20-23 in Oakland, California. Rev. Grindall Reynolds, general secretary of the A. U. A., will preach the opening sermon. Rev. A. M. Knapp, recently appointed denominational representative to Japan, will be present, and, it is hoped, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston. Hon. Horace Davis will preside. Papers will be read and addresses made by Hon. Horace Davis, Judge M. A. Luce of San Diego, Rev. B. F. McDaniel, Dr. Horatio Stebbins, C. A. Murdock, Revs. A. W. Jackson, Geo. H. Greer, C. P. Massey, Thos. L. Eliot, Edw. M. Wheelock, C. W. Wendte, and others.

Boston.—The South Congregational Society (Rev. Dr. Hale's) which sold their old church last summer, to move towards the Back Bay—whither a large part of the parish had already migrated—has solved its problem by taking the New Hollis St. church, on the corner of Exeter and Newberry streets. The Hollis St. Society merges into the South Congregational in this arrangement. It was carrying so heavy a load of debt, that this plan is probably the best way out of a difficulty, and the result will be one very strong church.

—Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter, in this arrangement, with his own generous concurrence, is left without his old pulpit, but his people have made him a very handsome parting gift, it is said $10,000; and he will preach during the winter for the Third Hingham Society.

—Rev. James Freeman Clarke occupies his own pulpit each Sunday. Some one of the congregation assists him in the devotional service, but he preaches, and with the old strength and interest. It was pleasant to see him at the Monday meeting of ministers, Oct. 10, where he gave a brief address which was listened to with the deepest interest.

—The church formerly occupied by Dr. Edward Everett Hale has been dedicated as a Jewish synagogue. The congregation that is to occupy it had the only synagogue in Boston forty years ago. Now there are seven in the city.

Chicago.—On October 9th an Independent Liberal Church of colored persons was formed in this city, under the pastoral leadership of Rev. Bird Wilkins, who had been pastor of the Bethesda Baptist church, but grew liberal, and has now gathered about him a company of men and women who share his more advanced views. Rev. J. V. Blake and Rev. David Utter made addresses on the occasion. It is claimed that this is the first African Unitarian society in the world.

—On Sunday, Oct. 16, St. Paul's (Universalist) church dedicated the vestry of the beautiful new house of worship which they are erecting on Prairie avenue, near 30th street, the site of the old Fourth Unitarian church. Since the pretty chapel

erected by our Fourth society under Mr. Wendte's leadership, fifteen years ago, had to sink under the terrible burden of debt that was on it, and be lost to us, it is gratifying to know that, after all, the spot is permanently to be consecrated to Liberal Christianity. May prosperity and blessings attend our Universalist brethren in their new home.

—The Chicago Women's Unitarian Association have thus far this fall held two meetings, one at the Church of the Mesiah, Sept. 29, at which the subject of temperance was discussed—Mrs. E. A. West reading a paper on "Temperance Work in Unitarian Churches," and Mrs. Butler, of Oak Park, a paper on "Temperance Work in Universalist Churches,"—and a second meeting, at the Third Church, Oct. 27, of which we have as yet no report.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—The work here opens excellently this fall—the number of students in attendance at the church being large, and the Unity Club and Religious classes starting well. Mrs. Sunderland supplied the pulpit morning and evening, Sunday, Oct. 16th, while Mr. Sunderland was in Kansas City, preaching the dedication sermon of the new church there.

Arcadia, Wis.—The Wisconsin Conference held its fall session here Oct. 5-6, with sermons, papers or addresses by Brethren Forbush, Crooker and Earl, of Wisconsin; Crothers, of St. Paul; Simmons, of Minneapolis; Effinger, of Chicago; Stevens, of Indianapolis; and Batchelor, Western Agent of the A. U. A. The imperfect report which we have seen indicates a good conference.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Rev. A. E. Goodnough was installed pastor of the Church of the Saviour on Wednesday evening, Oct. 5th, Rev. Robert Collyer preaching the sermon, Dr. F. A. Farley offering the Installing Prayer, Rev. Stephen H. Camp extending the Hand of Fellowship, Rev. Dr. A. P. Putnam making the Address to the People, and Rev. T. C. Williams, Rev. J. T. Bixby and Rev. A. D. Smith otherwise taking part in the services. The church was full, and the service was an inspiring one. The English Unitarian friends who have been visiting in this country, Rev. Robert Spears, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lawrence, Mr. Courtney S. Kenney, M. P., prolonged their stay in New York so as to be present.

Camden, N. J.—The new church, dedicated last winter, proves well adapted to its uses, and the dwelling house attached is a model of convenience and comfort. A general reunion of all the friends and of invited guests was held on Friday evening, Oct. 7. Active work is in progress for a fair soon to be held.

Canton, Mass.—The annual meeting of the Temperance Society connected with the Sunday School of the Unitarian church, was held on Sunday, September 18. Addresses were made by Rev. William L. Chaffin, of North Easton, and Rev. C. R. Eliot, of Dorchester. The pastor, Rev. Henry F. Jenks, stated that the Temperance Society had been working in the Sunday School for eleven years. The children of the society are offered several pledges, any or all of which they may choose, and at the end of five years of faithful membership, diplomas are given to them testifying to the fact. The diplomas are very attractive, giving an engraving of the church and the pledges in full. These pledges include one in regard to intoxicating beverages, one in regard to tobacco, and one in regard to profane language.

Concord, Mass.—During his recent visit to this place Rev. Oscar Clute preached in the chapel of the State Reformatory, on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon he lectured before the "First Grade" men on "The West." This prison is managed by modern methods, and the results in reforming men are most encouraging.

Dublin, N. H.—A temperance society, on the basis of the "Total Abstinence" pledge, has been formed in the Unitarian Sunday School here, and named "The Monadnoch Temperance Society," with Henry Allison, president. Meetings taking the place of the usual Sunday School exercises, are held on Sundays once a month. On Sunday evening, Sept. 25, Rev. Mr. Gallagher, of Keene, gave an able and interesting temperance lecture in the town hall under the auspices of this society, which was much appreciated by a good audience. Dublin is favored in having among its summer visitors many loyal Unitarians from Boston, New York, St. Louis, and other places, who manifest a lively interest in our church here, and the congregations the past season have been unusually large. Sunday, the 16th of Oct., a very successful Harvest Concert was given in the church by the Sunday School, using the exercise published by the Unitarian S. S. Society. The church was very beautifully decorated with autumn leaves, fruits, vegetables and flowers.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Within the two years that Rev. Mr. Hugenholtz has been pastor of the Liberal Holland church here, the number of members has increased from 60 to more than 300.

Holyoke, Mass.—While the pastor, Rev. J. W. Carney, was away spending his summer vacation, the church here was repaired, newly carpeted and refurnished. The society is increasing rapidly, and promises to be one of the most prosperous in Western Massachusetts. The Club

meetings and annual festivals are unusually interesting and successful.

Iowa City, Iowa.—The Religio-Scientific Association of the Unitarian church publishes a programme of topics for study and conversation, weekly, on Sunday evenings, from September to June, The field covered is wide and rich, embracing Mythology, Sociology, Ecclesiastical History, Miracles ancient and modern, Architecture, a series of inquiries as what to read in Poetry, Fiction, Biography, Science, etc. To go carefully through such a course as this association has marked out (or Brother Beavis *for* the association), is almost an education in itself.

La Porte, Ind.—A recent number of the *Herald Chronicle* contains an excellent practical sermon, by Rev. A. G. Jennings, on "Some of the Evils of Human Life, and how to avoid them."

—A Unity Club has been formed in La Porte, for the study of Emerson, taking the essay on Domestic Life for the first topic. It starts out with encouraging prospects —several have joined from other churches. The Free Kindergarten Association of La Porte, have one school in active operation, and are devising means for the support of another in a different quarter of the city. *A Lend a Hand* Club has been organized among the young people of the Unitarian Church and their friends, to assist the above association in its work.

Lowell, Mass.—The first anniversary of the installation of Rev. Geo. C. Wright as pastor of the Free Chapel, and minister at large, was celebrated Oct. 13, with music and addresses. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the congratulations extended to Mr. Wright over his successful year of labor were warm and cordial. A new pulpit has just been placed in the church and other improvements made.

Meadville, Penn.—The Theological School opens with twenty-eight students. One comes from Norway, one from England, one from Washington Territory, one from Colorado, one from Ontario, the rest from various States east and west. Rev. Mr. Green, father of the student from England, has been visiting Meadville. Mr. Barrett, who spend his summer in California, in returning had the fortune to be on a train which was robbed in Arizona by a band of masked desperadoes.

Midland, Mich.—The Church and Sunday School celebrated their Harvest Sunday on Oct. 9th. The church was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves, fruits, grains, etc., and there were interesting recitations by the children, and practical addresses by several laymen, and a very large audience.

Moline, Ill.—The new society here has called Rev. H. D. Stevens, of Indianapolis, Ind., and he has accepted. This will be Brother Stevens' first pastorate among us, but he brings to his new work an earnest consecration from which we expect much.

Nantucket, Mass.—A temperance meeting was held here in the Unitarian church on Aug. 28. Addresses were made by the pastor, Rev. Cyrus A. Roys, Rev. Joseph H. Allen, Rev. C. R. Eliot, and Capt. Swain. A temperance organization is contemplated.

Neponset, Mass.—The Unitarian Society has recently had the opportunity of extending a helping hand to both the neighboring Orthodox and Methodist parishes, whose churches have been undergoing repairs, by giving them the use of its church, to the former for two Sundays, and to the latter for three Sundays. In both cases the offer was cordially accepted and a very genuine good feeling is manifest between all the societies.

Philadelphia, Penn.—A correspondent writes: The Philadelphia branch of the Women's Auxiliary Conference, held the opening meeting of the year at the Spring Garden church, on Oct. 6, Mrs. F. B. Ames in the chair. Reports from different officers showed valuable work for the year. The ministers of the vicinity and some other guests were present, and spoke briefly on missionary and Sunday-school work. The meeting closed with lunch and a friendly visit.

—The New Century Club held its regular meeting in the Club House on Girard St., on Oct. 5. Prof. Loeiff, of the University of Pennsylvania, read an essay on "Drunkenness." His paper called out remarks from other gentlemen guests, and from many of the members. As the Club is soon to lose by removal its present able President, Miss Mary Thorn Lewis, the committee on nomination presented the name of Mrs. Fanny B. Ames, as their candidate for the place. The Club is composed of some of the ablest and most philanthropic women of Philadelphia, and has done much good work in the nine years of its existence.

—Another correspondent writes: Efforts are now making to draw still closer to our Unitarian fold Rev. M. Mangasarian and his new Independent Society. Last evening a union meeting of Mr. Mangasarian's Society, the First Unitarian, the Spring Garden and the Germentown Churches, was held in St. George's Hall, one of the largest auditoriums in the city. The hall was crowded, and the services were most edifying and impressive. Work in all our churches is alive with vigor and earnestness.

Salem, Mass.—Mr. F. B. Mott, of the last Meadville Theological class, was or-

dained and installed as pastor of the Boston Square church, Sept. 30, brethren Ramsey, H. H. Mott, Herford, Israel, Tilden, Wilson, Batchelor, and Haskell taking parts in the service.

St. Joseph, Mo.—The minister of the Unitarian church, Rev. C. B. Roberts, and some thirty of his people went down to Kansas City to attend the recent dedication and installation there.

Toronto, Can.—The Young People's Association connected with the Unitarian church here have printed an interesting fortnightly programme of meetings for the winter, with discussions, papers on various topics, "An Evening with Longfellow," "An Evening of Natural Science," "A Scotch Evening," etc.

Weymonth, Mass.—Hon. John D. Long has been engaged to lecture before the Unitarian society here, Nov. 13, and Rev. H. Price Collier, Dec 6.

Winona, Minn.—Rev. H. D. Stevens has been preaching here two Sundays.

JOTTINGS.

Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor of *The Christian Union*, is engaged to speak in Plymouth church until the society find a successor to the late Henry Ward Beecher.

A law has been passed in Illinois forbidding the sale of cigarettes to boys under sixteen years of age.

A college professor once tried to convince Horace Greeley of the value of classic languages. The professor said: "These languages are the conduits of the literary treasures of antiquity." Mr. Greeley replied, "I like Croton water very well, but it dosen't follow that I should eat a yard or two of lead pipe."

Booksellers and publishers occasionally get some curious inquiries. Here is one that came lately to a Philadelphia firm from a western town: "Do you publish a good family Bible of a high moral tone?"

The graves of three famous men have lately been visited by a Boston *Transcript* writer. "The pink white rock," he says, "is the only memorial that marks the grave of Emerson—a sufficient one for this generation at least, which needs no carved record to mark the burial place of its greatest native spiritual guide. The little slab at the end of the long grave in the inclosure of arbor vitæ bears upon it the word 'Hawthorne'—that is all. The low head and foot stones have already grown mossy and ancient in the shade of the hilltop. And the third gravestone bears upon it the name of Henry D. Thoreau, and the brief record of the birth and death of the man whose wood-notes still so widely echo. Where else in all the world can be found the clustering graves of three great men that are so simply marked as these?"

Christianity is not simply historical and traditional, but, present and permanent, with its roots in the infinite past and its branches in the infinite future—the eternal spring and growth of Divine love; not the dying echo of words uttered centuries ago, never to be repeated, but God's good tidings spoken afresh in every soul,—the perennial fountain and unstinted outflow of Wisdom and Goodness, forever old and forever new.—*Whittier.*

TEMPERANCE SERVICES.—The attention of Ministers, Sunday-school Superintendents, and others interested in Temperance Work, is called to the MANUAL OF TEMPERANCE SERVICES, published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

This Manual was prepared by the Executive Board of the Unitarian Church Temperance Society, and contains four services suitable either for Sunday-school use or adult meetings

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